

Cockers Morals, &

OR, THE

M U S E S

Spring-Garden,

Adorned with many Sententious

Disticks & Poems,

In ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

Fitted for the Use of all Publick and Private Grammar
and Writing Schools, for the Scholars of the first
to turn into Latin, and for those of the other
to Transcribe into all their various
and curious Hands.

Omne Bonum, Dei Donum.

By *Edward Cocker*, Practitioner in the Arts of Writing, Arithmetick,
and Engraving, and published for the benefit of Learners.

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THE
OF THE

MUSEUM Spring-Garden

A formed with many Specimens

Difficks & Poems
IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER



... and ...
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From ...

By ...
and ...

Printed by ...
at the ...

AN
ACROSTICK
ON THE
WORTHY NAME

Of my Honoured FRIEND
Mr. JOHN WARFILDE,
Writing-Master in St. Mary Axe,
L O N D O N.

Ingenious Arts, and Sciences most Rare,
Obedience yield to Industry and Care.
Honour attends the Virtuous, and will
New Lawrels bring, to crown the Sons of Skill.

Writing most Fair, Arithmetick profound,
Are of your Care and constant pains the Ground.
Rich was your Master, in Parts, Wealth and Name,
Follow his Steps, acquire like Arts, Wealth, Fame.
In Merchants just Accompts, of great Account,
Let none your noble Artifice Surmount.
Designs so brave for publick good, will stand,
Eternal Monuments of Warfildes Hand.

Sir, Your real Friend and Servant,

Edward Cocker.

If you meet with any worthless Line,
Humanum est errare. Stamps it mine;
But if you find here any Worthy Line,
It from a Fountain flows that's more Divine.
So Read, as to commit to Memory,
All Sentences worthy that Treasury,
And so remember all, as that you may,
In season practise them; and so display
Their Influence, as Honour may redound
To GOD, and you may be with profit crown'd.

AGAIN,

Some in compendious Epigrams shew forth,
With charming Artifice, their Wit and Worth.
Some with rich Lines and Emblems, well design'd,
At once affect the Readers Eye and Mind.
Some, in Soul-pleasing Pastorals do prove
How Coridon did Amarillis love.
Some high flown Brains in lofty Strains indite
The amazing terrours of some horrid Fight.
Some with Satyrick lasses of the Pen,
Anatomize the vicious Lives of men.
Some with Historick Lines their Readers please,
Relating Feats and Fights, on Land and Seas.
Some with high Raptures, fitted to the Lyre,
Ingenious Readers well-pleas'd Souls inspire.
Some with Heroick Strains of noblest kinds,
And choicest Theams, inflame their Readers Minds.
Some, which beyond the rest, deserve the Bay,
Wisely exalt their great Creators Praise.
With many more, whose various, rare Inventions,
Delight their own and others Apprehensions.
But in the last and least, strive to teach Youths
Good Manners, and enrich their Minds with truths.

Edward Cocker.



A

A Christians noblest Ensign is the Cross;
And all things, to belief in Christ, are dross.

Alas! what are the Best of Human Race,
Till their rude Natures are improv'd by Grace.

All Arts by powerful Industry are gain'd,
And by continu'd Exercise retain'd.

Affection make your Servant, Will your Slave;
Passion your Drudge; you'r then a Prince most brave.

A love to Learning is th' unfailing Clue,
That leads us Learnings Rarities to view.

Advance your Plumes; be bold, yet humbly wise,
Thus high you may stand firm, and low arise.

A faithful Friend is as the Phoenix rare,
And who can find where two such Creatures are?

Action and Virtue, if we separate,
They both into the Aire evaporate.

Abhor to Navigate in troubled Seas;
And hate the Company of Sloath and Ease.

P.B. 46.

A good

A good Effect may spring from a bad Cause,
Both cros to Reasons, and to Natures Laws.

Accept a Courtesie at first Rebound,
And wait not till a second may be found.

Arithmetick, scorning all Bounds and Bars,
Transcends Earths Sands in numbers, and Heavens Stars.

As by degrees ill Customes have been taken,
So by degrees they best may be forsaken.

Ascend not Honours Alpes, the price is small;
Tempt not the danger of a dreadful Fall.

Although we know our Steps would lead to Woe,
We find it hard not in those steps to goe.

Action, thou Queen of Virtues, what high Praise,
What Trophies to thy Honour shall I raise?
It far transcends Man's skill thy Worth to rate,
All those who Love not Thee, their own Souls hate.
All famous Monuments beneath the Skie,
Thy Excellence commend and magnifie.

A healthful Temper you may best advance
By Moderation, and wise Temperance.

At other Mens enjoyments to Repine,
What augmentation will it prove to thine?

As Tygres vex'd, their Spots more plain appear,
So Men provok'd, their Passions Domineer.

Amend-

Amendment of concernment is to all,
Virtues vast Columnes but for this would fall.

A Suretie is a sure tie; he's most sure,
Who is from Bonds and Surety-Ship secure.

Ambition and Presumption mount Men high,
But if they fall, the more's their misery.

Abstain from Creature-Comforts all you can,
And that's the way to prove a happy Man.

Amazing heights fondly aspire not to,
Fools mount and fall, the Wife walk safe below.

Act nothing but what you may safely own,
And what you need not blush at being known.

At smallness of Estate never Repine,
He that hath less, would gladly change for thine.

Artists invested with rare Skill and worth,
Scorn that their Tongues the same should trumpet forth.

Always with Honour, Fear, and Reverence,
Meditate on th' Immense Omnipotence.

Adorn your Place, if entertain'd in Trust,
By being Impartial, Diligent, and Just.

All you that in fair Writing would excell,
How much you write regard not, but how Well.

A Gift with a sweet violence entrance makes,
And the deceiv'd Receiver Captive takes.

At Board, accept what your Friend's pleas'd to Carve,
Observe not hastily your self to serve.

A man would strange to view the distances
Of Promises and their Performances.

A Tongue that's now rough as the coarsest File,
Can, in a moment, be more smooth than Oile.

Always contend not; do not always strive,
For sometimes to Retreat, is to Retrive.

All Scholars these three Lessons much concern,
Grace, and good Manners, with a will to learn.

A Christian; contemplating things Divine,
Enjoys a *Pisgah*-Sight of *Palestine*.

Assume a noble Resolution, strain
Your Faculties, rare Sciences to gain.

Amorous Embracements, and Adulterous fires
Abhor and quench; hate all but chaste desires.

Arithmetician, make your Art appear,
Compute your Sins Sum-Total for a Year.

All rare Projections sink, though nobly high;
Projectors wanting Chink for their supply.

All our Designs in this vain World should tend
To future Hopes; this Life will quickly end.

Affection with Instruction and Direction,
Are the Renowned Handmaids of Perfection.

Against

Against that time, when Death and Time must die,
Resigning all up to Eternitie;
Most solemnly prepare, that you may stand,
Amongst the ever blest, on Christ's right hand.

All God's Commandments are Divinely pure,
By keeping them, men keep their Souls secure.

Art rarifies the Mind, and various ways
Improves dull Nature to *J E H O V A*'s Praise.

All things are mutable beneath the Skie,
And nothing constant but Inconstancie.

A lofty Countenance, a Soul far more sublime,
God gave Man Heav'n to view, and its vast height to climb.

All you that would Write fair, mind this Design,
Still to improve in every Word and Line:
Here hast makes wast,^e of Paper, Ink, and Time,
And something, in Opinion, more Sublime,
The All-commanding Coin; and who would wast,^e
All these at once, by making too much hast.^e

Aim at Arts Altitude; aspire, ascend,
Acquire, assume, accomplish, and amend.

Actions Superlatively Excellent,
Render their noble Authors Eminent.

Arithmetick let a Man understand,
 And after that, Geometry command.
 Then let him turn Astronomer, and prove
 How many Stars are fix'd, how many move,
 Next a Geographer Earths Globe survey,
 The long-sought, unfound Longitude Display.
 Apollo's Lyre next let him take in hand,
 And all the high Soul-charming Aires command.
 Yea, let him have all Arts, all are but Smoke
 To him that has no money in his Poke.

BY

BY sad Experience this is known to some,
Who hate Instruction, to Destruction come,

Bad Company, as Pestilential Aire,
You'd shun, did you but know how bad it were.

Brave and Heroick are the Acts of those,
Who no man better than themselves suppose.

Before you undertake, consider well,
And then resolve, next in Dispatch excel.

Be wise betimes, and strive in all that's thine,
That evermore the Golden Mean may shine.

By Pen or Pensil, who to mortal Eye
Can represent Immense Eternity.

By squeesing Wax, and their Names writing, some
From wealth to want (*carvete*) soon have come.

Brave Virtues Emanations charm the Eyes
Of all that are sincerely Good and Wise.

Best Precepts are Examples; for some teach
By words, what their best Actions cannot reach.
Yet, though like Trumpeters, they do not fight,
They others to the Battail do excite.

Beware of that sly Sycophant's Dogg-Tricks,
Who, like a Spanniel flatters, fawns, and licks.

But small, though seeming great, will prove the prize
That is obtain'd by Fallities and Lies.

By verbal sounds, who makes his small parts famous,
But proves himself the greater *Ignoramus*.

Before Time calls to the dark silent Grave;
What we can do doth our Attention crave.

Behave your self neither too low, nor high,
But so, as best Suits with your Quality.

But Thirty and two Points the Sea-man finds
Upon his Compass: thousands have Mens minds.

Be good to all Men; to the best be best;
Court Peace, with no contentious Men contest.

Beasts by their Horns, or Ears are taken, when
More to their harm, Men by their Tongues take Men.

Boast not of Features, or a smooth clear skin,
But make your Gallant mind fair Virtues Inn.

Be still a Lover of ingenious Pains,
For still the working hand the Penny gains.

Best of Examples, with the best Direction,
Bring Learning-Loving-Learners to perfection.

Boreas tall Cedars buffets, but low Shrubs,
Secure below, defie his furious rubs.

By all Ingenious Men this is confest,
The way to VVrite best, is to Read the best.

Be not like him, who so far vainly strays,
That he's asham'd to leave his wicked VVays.

By

B

But here and there we find a hopeful Lad,
That has no Inclination to be bad.
But here and there grows an Ingenious Plant,
That minds his Learning, knowing Learnings want.
But what Arithmetician can compute,
The thousand part of Plants that bear no Fruit ?

Blind Ignorance clear Informations need,
Let doubtful minds found confirmations heed.

Brave Spirits, when their Fortunes lowest run,
Should greatest seem, like the declining Sun.

Bacchus his Cheeks with laughing are full blown,
To see Men to such height of Folly grown,
By drinking others healths, to lose their own,

But Sure the Great Creator of the Vine,
Never intended his heart-cheering Wine,
On purpose to transform Men into Swine.

Before you, Set those brave Examples, which
The Chrystal Mirrours of the world appear :
By imitating Them, your Self Enrich,
And prove another Star in Virtues Sphear.

This is the way base Vice to trample down,
And gain those Virtues which may gain Renown,

By Diligence we gain Intelligence ;
Experience followes, Source of Excellence.

B

Behold how Fortunes billowes curle and swell,
Mounting to Heav'n, then plunging down to Hell.

Birth rears Man's Fabrick of Fleih, Bones and Skin;
But Breeding furnishes the House-within.

Beyond the Golden Mean, strive not to go:
His wants are boundless whose desires are so.

Count

Count that day lost whose low-descending Sunne,
Views from your hand no noble Action done.

Clear-sighted Reason, and Sublimeſt Sence,
Submit their Crowns to Wiſdoms Influence.

Conſend not with a Man of greater power :
By Land and Sea the Great the Leſs devour.

Crown the Donations of thy Friends with Praise :
On thy own Donatives no Trophies raiſe.

Censure none raſhly ; for not even the beſt,
Can humane Nature of her Faults deſeſt.

Contend with none, hotly with none debate,
But that a ſhort War may long Peace create.

Compendious Sentences in thoſe may breed
To Virtue love, who cannot Volumes read.

Can you believe it ? Scarce unleſs you ſee't,
That a man's Tongue ſhould bind his hands and feet.

Could we our paſſions and our vain Affections bridle ;
We ſhould not, as we are, be ſo extreamly idle.

Conſtancy brings forth Cuſtome ; Cuſtome grows
Into a habit, from whence Wiſdom flows.

Cloſe Secrecy, and wary Subtilty,
Both Handmaids are to humane Policy.

Contaminated Minds mind Mundane things,
But Minds Serene mount with Celeſtial wings.

Common it is for men to loose their Reins,
To pleasures, till those pleasures prove their pains.

Count God's Eternal W O R D thy noblest Treasure;
Which read, and practic'd, yields Eternal pleasure.

C H R I S T's Rules of Life will your Lives life improve,
With Faith, Truth, Zeal, Humilitie and Love.

Could blind Ambition Honours fate fore-see,
She would with gladness, court a mean Degree.

Contentment's an Exhaustless Mine of Treasure,
Which Pens cannot compute, no Lines lengths measure.

Chances and Changes Spring from providence;
Not from *Utopian* Fortunes Influence.

Content who lives with Competent Estate,
Needs not to Court mens Love, nor fear their hate.
The Worlds Grandees in higher Sphears do move;
Yet he's more safe below, than those Above.
Half what he has, may, with Contentment, Serve;
While some, in mid'st of Store, contentless, starve.

Cares seldom prove our Cures; care, not to care,
Cares oft prove Introductions to dispaire.

Clemency, diffring Natures reconciles;
And melts down Grim Morosity, with Smiles.

Courteous Behaviour, and Expressions prudent,
Speak a young Man, in Virtues School, a Student.

Columns,

Columnes, who cannot raise; nor lofty Towers,
May Somthing build, according to their powers.

Could we behold fair Virtues lovely Face,
And the Celestial Beauty of true Grace,
We should be All Enamour'd; but we are
Blind to all Heavenly Objects; and our Care,
And the main Tendency of our Imployments,
Is the possession of Earths vain Enjoyments.

C 3

Delight

Delight makes Man so light, that he supposes,
When on sharp thorns he treads, he trips on Roses.

Did Learners know how learning might advance
Them, they would love it, and hate Ignorance.

Diligence gains Intelligence, and they
Experience gain, to all rare Arts the way.

Despise not the least peice of Art that may
In usefulness its Excellence display.

Divine success, thy Votaries we are,
How soon thy smiles resuscitate from care!

Do nothing rashly; Rashness nume'rous ways
The rash Attempter to Contempt betrays.

Despair Damnation leads in Chains, and brings
Thousands of Scorpions, with Soul-vexing stings.

Depressed Virtue, like the Palm, oppress'd,
Raises more high, her Heaven saluting Crest.

Dangers lie dormont oft, till circumspection
Be lost, and then reduce us to subjection.

Divine Contentment's an exhaustless store,
He that's content, complains not that he's poor.

Despise not Mortals of a mean Estate,
Since ignorant you are of your own Fate.

Destruction gapes for those who hate Instruction,
But love to Learning's Wisdoms Introduction.

Drink,

Drink, Dice and Drabs, three dange'rous Dees, do call
For a fourth^e D, which fourth is worst of all. *doubley*

Depend on others promises with hope,
When you of Sand can make a Cable Rope.

Did we but know our nearness to the Grave,
What Thoughts, what Cogitations should we have.

Defer not till to morrow to Essay,
What worthy Acts you can perform to day.

Did all men, by consent, give Peace her Sovereigntie,
Such, as th' Emperial Heav'n, this lower world might be.

Disdain not such as are with Virtues crown'd,
They are, or shall, or ought to be renown'd.

Dispraise cannot depress; nor Commendations
Mount wise mens constant Minds above their Stations.

Directions and Instructions, of the wise,
Beyond fine Gold, or choicest Jewels prize.

Discretion, Engines, and choice Rules prepares,
Whereby to regulate your just Affairs.

Desire is a vast, boundless Ocean,
Which still is boyling, still in motion found;
And all the Lines, made since Sol's Race began;
Spliced into one, would prove too short to sound.

This bottomless, and shoreless Sea: few here
Do Navigate, that by the Compass Steere.

Extreams produce Extreams: Extreams avoid,
Extreams without Extreams are not enjoy'd.

Exalted Notions, mounted on Wits wings;
With florid Strains, are acceptable Things:
But solid Reason, and sound Sense, the wise,
Beyond Youth-pleasing, Airy Trifles, prize.

Encomiums sweet, or fourest Calumnies,
Alike are, to the Virtuous and Wise.

Embrace all opportunities to day:
Time, Tide, and Carriers, will for no man stay.

Even then, when Age Death's summons must obey,
Most greedily the Dust hoards up the Clay.

Exalted thought on Contemplations Wings,
Soar up to the Sublimitie of Things.

Experience is the Clue, whereby we may,
Find thorough Arts puzzling Labyrinths, the Way.

Expand your Souls rare Faculties, that all
May honour their Immense ORIGINAL.

Earths Quintessence we in contentment find,
Contentment is a Kingdom to the Mind.

Easier, and sooner, Learning's lost than gain'd,
If by fresh Applications not maintain'd.

Every swift-wing'd moment in the day,
Carries its length of our short Life away.

Extreamly

Extreamly much that man himself forgets,
Who, by new wrangling, thinks to pay old debts.

Estates to gain, men toyle and break their Rest;
But Competency with Content is Best.

Endeavour so to live, and so to dye;
As to enjoy a blest Eternity.

Easie it is to write, but to write well
Is very hard; much harder to Excel.

Envy and Emulation are two things,
For Emulation Spurs, but Envy Stings.

Extreams produce Extreams; the Brood of Vice
Can multiply to Legions in a trice.

Eumenes would to no man yield the praise
Of Valour, while his Arm his Sword could raise.

Endeavour to suppress Domestick Jars,
For Civil, are the most uncivil Wars.

Envies curst brood their own Tormenters are:
While those most env'y'd, still the better fare.

Endeavour still, that your Capacious Mind,
May with the most Essential parts be lin'd.

Eternal Happiness is gain'd in Time:
For when Time's Sand shall totally be run,
Then will there be no Virtues Hill to climb;
Acts of Repentance cannot then be done.
O, therefore All your Strength, and Might apply,
In time, to gain a blest ETERNITY.

From God to *Adam*, did choice Knowledge flow:
Which still descends to all his Sons below.

For Toys and Trifles we contend, and fight;
And our Concerns far more Substantial Slight.

For were it better to be ignorant,
Than to be learned, and true Grace to want.

Fix not your mind on Features, Lips or Eyes;
But only love the Virtuous and Wise.

Fair, Modest, Wise, let my Beloved be,
And let me live deserving such a She.

Few need restraining Curbs in Virtues Race:
But most want Spur's to make them mend their pace.

Friends, Books, a cheerful heart, a Conscience cleare,
Are the most choice Companions we find here.

From a Foul heart, assends to lying Lips
A little Demon, and from thence he skips.

From glozing Adulation keep your Tongue;
A smooth desembler cheats you with a Song.

Fair Wrighting then to Excellence doth rise
Most, when the Pen is most in Exercise.

Fools, even at Schools, Squander their time away,
As if they went only to learn to Play.

Fresh prosp'rous Gales their duty may perform,
Yet leave us to the mercy of a Storm.

For Profit, and for Pleasure, those great Ends,
The wiser sort delight in Books, and Friends.

Fondly

Fondly affect not a vain minutes breath ;
 But Wisely, before Death, prepare for Death.
 From Labour, Wine gives the hands liberty ;
 And sets the head on work most furiously.
 Find Meat and Drink, that will all Palates please,
 My Lines shall Please all humours with like ease.
 Fame of the noblest kind, springs from these Sources ;
 Good Life ; Behaviour fair ; discreet Discourses.
 Fierce Disputations, Transportations prove,
 And Disputants from sence, and Truth remove.
 From Orb, to Orb, a wise man can remove ;
 So cannot Planets which command above.

For Virtues sake, now in your youthful prime
 Be a good Husband of your precious Time.
 Make Action Mistris of your best Affections,
 Court her, She's beautiful, beyond objections.
 She Crowns her Lovers with the best of things,
 And gains them favour with the best of Kings.

For hopeful Youths, that would be happy Men,
 There lies a plenteous Portion in the Pen ;
 Which being by ingenious pains, drawn forth,
 Will shew, to admiration, it's vast worth.
 Pen, Ink, and Paper, therefore soon provide,
 And let them be Ingeniously apply'd.

Fair Writings Famous Universal Art,
 The Pen, the Hand, the Eye, the Head and Heart,
 Conceives, Promotes, Views, Moves, and does Impart.

G Race, with a Heavenly hand, tunes Natures Harp,
And makes that Note a Mean, which was a Sharp.

Gold makes an Adamantine Conscience soft,
And a soft Conscience turns to Flint, as oft.

Great Debts require the greater care to pay;
Wise men provide against th' accompting day.

God in your thoughts retain with Reverence;
Whose works are all stupendious and Immense.

Go, Run, Ride, Swim, use every honest way,
Rather than Poverties Commands obey.

God distributes his Gifts as he sees fit;
He others gives more Wealth, and thee more Wit.

God, Mens desires denies them oft, that they
May be more happy in his heav'nly way.

God's Register, the Conscience, notes down all
Our Actions just, or unjust, great or small.

God Essence gave to Heav'ns Expanded Frame;
And still sustaines, maintains, and rules the same.

Give him leave (or he'll take it) to be Stout,
VWho is with heaps of Riches fenc'd about.

God's a true Spirit; Truths pure Fountain; He
In Spirit, and in Truth will worship'd be.

Geographie the Worlds vast Compass stiles,
Twenty one thousands, and six hundred miles.

God provides Grass, and other Meats for Beasts,
And with those Beasts, Man, their Commander Feasts.

Greatness and Goodness make a man compleat:
But few there are, that are both good and great.

Gamesters still gape for Gain; but how can those,
That lose be Gainers, since even Gainers lose.

God's Mercy finds best opportunity,
When Man groans under worst of Misery.

Grace, Virtue, Prudence, and productive Parts,
May bid defiance to grim Envy's Darts.

Gorgons, nor Goblins, can their Minds affright,
Who trust in God, and in his Word delight.

Give a true estimation of the worth,
Of All that under Heav'n, the Earth brings forth.
Then think what you shall gain, to buy the whole,
At the dear price of your Immortal Soul.
O wonder! this vast world, and All therein,
Cannot All ballance with one Mortal Sin.

Gracious is God, to offer Means of Grace;
The only means to climb to Glories Mount.
Which before time has run his long-spun Race.
Embrace; that you may give a just accompt,
When Time shall be no more; and then may stand
With ever-blessed Souls, at CHRIST's right hand.

HE well begins to run in Virtues Race,
Who separates the Noble from the Base.

He that would learn to be an honest Man,
Let him view all the vicious ways he can;
And note their various windings and their Ends;
This sure, will make him one of Virtue's Friends.

He that begins to run in Virtues Race
Must not look back, but strive to mend his pace.

Him I esteem a man of the first Rate,
Who lives contented with a mean Estate.

He who Time's Golden Sand does well apply,
Lays Earnest for a blest Eternity.

He's truly wise, he's a right honest Lad,
Who rightly can distinguish Good from Bad:
And having made this nice Distinction right,
Does hate the bad, and in the good delight.

His mind feels Pangs of Death and pains of Hell,
Wherein Divine contentment hates to dwell.

He bravely all Calumnious Baseness scorns,
Whose unstain'd mind true Honesty adorns.

How wise are they, by whom the Dies are thrown,
To know, if their own Mony be their own!

How soon might he, that's a meer Dunce by Nature,
By Industry become another Creature!

Hee's

He's truly learned whose tenacious Brain,
The Quintessence of Wisdom can retain;
And can, both for his own, and others Use,
In season the rare Fruits thereof produce;
But who loves Ignorance before choice Knowledge,
A Doctor may commence in *Gotham* College.

How many by wise management of Time,
From low Degrees, have mounted to sublime!

How happily should we vain Mortals live,
Could we good Counsel take, as soon as give!

He that the most his own will can deny,
With Gods most holy will may most comply:

How pleasantly they have the World at will,
Who can their Bags with Gold and Silver fill;

His ripe Discretion always is in season,
Who can his Passions ballance with right Reason.

He to some height of Knowledge does advance,
Who knows how to conceal his Ignorance.

Hear, See, and say the best; for that's the way,
To live in peace, as wise men know and say.

He that receives a Courtesie, remains,
Till his Retaliation, bound in Chains.

Health before VVealth prefer; VVealth commonly,
Is Vassal to ingenious Industry.

How will he answer't on the Reck'ning day,
Who runs in Debt, and takes no care to pay?

Husband your Time well; Squander not away,
The pretious patrimony of a day.

How many thousands please themselves to Death!
Whose Viands, choice and rare, obstruct their Breath.

He that's exalted on the Wings of Praise,
Is wise, if humbly, he himself surveys.

How many beauteous, Face-affecting Lasses,
Neglect their Graces, to attend their Glasses.

How dark's the Lesser Worlds sad Winters Night,
VVhen Reasons radiant Rays do not enlight.

Having a Conscience uncontaminate,
Mind not what vulgar Tongues of thee may Prate.

He that all others Business lets alone,
Has the more time wherein to mind his own.

Hope's that Alexipharmical, whose rare,
And Sovereign Virtue antidotes Despair.

Hast thou wrong'd any Man? make satisfaction;
And scorn to Stoop to an Ignoble action.

How quickly Learners would by too much Play,
Learn to forget the business of the Day!

Here the four Virtues Cardinal advance;
Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, Temperance.

Hope not to rectify anothers Tongue,
Since for your government your own's too strong.

Happy's the man, that is from Heav'n endu'd,
With Prudence, Justice, Temp'rance, Fortitude.

He's a wright noble Soul, who bravely can forsake,
His pleasure, when therein he might most pleasure take.

He whose Inheritance is only Time,
Must manage that, with an ingenious Care;
For Arts, and Parts, though never so sublime,
Without our times improvement will impair.
Your pretious moments squander not away;
To the Industrious, every Month is May.

He that's injurious to another, he
At the same time, so to himself must be.

He that for Pleasure, forfeits his Estate,
Has bought repentance at too dear a Rate.

How joyful is a man, what satisfaction
He reaps, having perform'd some noble Action!

How many have been totally destroy'd,
For want of being honestly employ'd.

He that contends with uncontrouled Tongues,
May lose his Reason, and consume his Lungs.

He that loves Labour, courts immortal Fame;
But Sloath is always waited on by Shame.

Hate Sensual Love ; Love Love that may advance
The Lover, to Loves ble's'd Inheritance.

Honours may leave their Owners ; Riches may
Assume swift wings, and quickly fly away :
But Learning, and the knowledge of rare Arts,
That man the most enjoys that most imparts.
Endeavour that your Breast and Brain,
The best of Learnings Treasures may retain.

If but one hour in every day you move
In Virtues Course, 'twill great advancement prove.

Innumerable Losses men sustain,
By greedily endeavouring to gain.

Immense *Pecunia*, with Imperious hand,
All the Earths best Enjoyments does command.

In vain, vain Man desires still to enjoy
Those Things, which were but lent him to employ.

Innumerable Sins inflame our Score:
What should we do were not God's Mercies more?

If for my Friend I nineteen favours do,
All's nought, if I do not the twentieth too.

The Ingenious Touth's Resolution.

I'll Write so fair, that ev'ry Line shall be
A sparkling Jewel for the World to see:
And every word shall be a radiant Gem
Such as the noblest Souls shall not contemn.
All various Shapes of Beasts, Birds, Fish and men,
Shall Run, Fly, Swim, and march from my Swift Pen.

If you esteem a Noble Reputation,
With Sons of Virtue have your Conversation.

In your Discourses be brief, sound and clear;
Let no Impertinences grate the Ear.

If the free Ayr could be confin'd and Sold,
Those would live longest who produce most Gold.

If to excel the Best you Emulate,
The most excell'g Patterns Imitate.
And when your Pen, your Pensil, or your Graver
Hath equal'd those, strive to produce still braver.
Thus well resolv'd, and keeping constant pace,
You may prove first in Arts renowned Race.

In Hells out-courts that wretched Soul appears,
Who lives a Slave to Jealousies and Fears.

If worse than we, should prove our Generation,
Abomination will turn Recreation.

In dubious *Matters prudent Counsel chuse,
This, *Solomon* himself, would not refuse.

If we gain Arts with industry, 'tis fair:
But to come, see, and overcome, 'tis rare.

If thy own Country be for thee too small,
Begin betimes to Travel o're Earth Ball.

Imploy your Wisdom, all your pow'rs apply;
In time to gain' a blest ETERNITY.

If thy Friend flinches, let that Friend therefore,
Come to thy Bosomes Cabinet no more.

Injustice offer not unto the just;
God will revenge, they trust, in whom they trust.

If every idle word requires account,
To what will Oaths and Blasphemies amount.

If some Lines want such Wit as you could wish,
Know, we're not bound to Sauce you every Dish.

In this Worlds Maze thousands of ways men run,
With full speed to undo, or be undone.

If other men with Arts, and Parts out-vie;
Strive to transcend them all in Industrie.

If Elegantly how to Write you'd know;
Read such Composures, as are written so.

If men, by sinning, any Good could win,
They would not want it, for the want of Sin.

If to be cheated you no Stomach have,
Mens Deeds, not words, your best attention crave.

In hot Disputes men strain, Mouthe, and rant high;
Striving for Victory, not V E R I T Y.

In greatest Calms, for greatest Storms prepare,
Wisdom's Grand Admonition, is, Beware.

If our Lives Glafs could thousand Ages run,
Yet, at the last those thousands would be don:

If Portion, to thy parts Preportion bears,
Give Thanks to him, who gives to all their Shares.

In his own presence no man's Praise proclaim,
Nor In his absence any one defame.

If your hand works not to procure a Stock,
'Tis ten to one, but it your Mouth will mock.

If you would conquer your Souls Mortal Foes,
To armed Vices, Virtues arm'd oppose,

IN Choice and Judgment he Extreemly errs,
Who Strangers, before well-known Friends prefers,

Imployment prove Improvement of our parts:
And Practice gains Experience in all Arts.

Into Arts Labyrinths, or Natures Pry,
Be bold Beneath, but not above the Skie.

Is your State low? would you to Riches soar?
Abandon all those ways that made you Poor.

If you intend to help a Friend at Need,
Do it with all Imaginable Speed.

If by fair Promises you Friends do gain,
Let fair performances those Friends maintain.

If Industry produces Excellence,
VVe multiply't to Quantities Immense.

It is not for the want of Negligence,
That many thousands want Arts Excellence.

If Nature gives Proportion, and rare Beauty,
To match them with good Manners is your Duty.
If you Proportion want, and are not fair,
Let Grace, and Manners their defects repair.

All Will never speaks well; curs'd Spleen and Spight,
VVe never Cordial Friends to Truth and Right.

If you so nobly cannot Act, as you see another man do;
Boldly & bravely quit your self, by doing what you can do.

If the wise Gard'ner lays aside his Knife,
His Plants will riot in a vitious Life.

Keepe Company with Virtues true Relations,
Of uncontaminated Reputations.

Knowledge that puffs up the Possessor's mind,
Is evermore of a pernicious kind.

Knowing the way, courageously advance :
And shun Converse with Sons of Ignorance.

Know how to time your Business; this Concern
Puts thousands to a loss that are to Learn.

Know thy self first, and then begin to Scan,
The imperfections of another Man.

Keep Company with Virtues true Relations :
Of uncontaminated Reputations.

Know all Mechanicks, that for Riches strive,
To mind your Business is the way to thrive.

Keep up the Top-sail of your Reputation,
Let none out-sail you in your Occupation.

Knew you the worth of the Pen's Excellence,
And how its Lovers it does Recompence,
And of what high Account Accompts do make
Knowing accomptants; then you Pains would take
Both Night and Day (play should aside be thrown)
To make these profitable Arts your own.

Knaves commonly for Fools do prove Providers.
Riches like head-strong Horses, throw their Riders.

Keep Peace in thine own Breast, who keeps this Road,
May bid defiance to all Wars abroad.

Know you not this vain Worlds Imperious Minion,
It is that All-commanding Quean, Opinion.

Kindle no Flames of Strife : he that loves Strife,
Hates peace ; the Comfort of a Christian Life.

Knaves are the Bane of their own Reputation :
The Pest, and Caterpillers of a Nation.

Kind hearts are unkind, only to themselves ;
Whose Barks oft split on their own Rocks and Shelves.

Kidds may grow Goats ; so young Sins may grow old,
If you with Satans Baits dare be too bold.

Kick not, nor Spurn at Government ; Inferiors
Must live in due obedience to Superiors.

Keep at a distance from the Sons of Vice :
Once known, endanger not your Souls health twice.

Knock hard at Mercies Gate, and think no pains
To hard, nor time too long for such blest Gains.

Kindred in Friendships Orb, but rarely move,
So certainly, as Strangers, linck'd in Love.

Keels ballasted with Gold, from Ophir came ;
To enrich wise Solomon, and gild his Fame.

Kingdoms, to Heav'ns Immensitie, appear
As Birds Neasts small, compar'd to Kingdoms here.

Kill growing Vices ; for if they Controul,
They will destroy your Body and your Soul.

Lovers of Learning learned soon will prove,
The half-way house to Learning is their love.

Let brave examples your prompt mind inspire,
To imitate what others most admire.

Learn so to live, as not to fear to dye;
That you may dye to live Eternally.

Let us not soar too high, nor sink too low,
But every one his proper Station know.

Let Order, Measure, and Proportion make
All Actions noble which you undertake.

Labour proves light, where true Delight attends,
Where Love begins, Industry bravely ends.

Let no vain Pleasures your clear Reason blind,
And hate to seek what you abhor to find.

Love covers multitudes of Faults; but hate
Old Faults discovers, and does new create.

Let's not desirous be to live here long,
Or once to Act our old Sins o're again:
As we grow weak, Diseases grow more strong;
And we complain, because Complaints in Vain
Fly from our troubled Breast; O therefore let
Us Earth discard, and Heav'n's Assurance get.

Let all wild Worldlings, this, unto their Sence apply,
They most themselves enjoy, who most themselves deny.

Love distant Climes, unites; in this we find,
It is not where the Man is, but the Mind.

Let *Esculape's* wife Son, who heals thy Wound,
Be with the Garland of thy Praises Crown'd.

Life lives in Temperance; Intemperance;
Most of all Sins, Death's Standard doth advance.

Lives noblest Theory good Precepts are,
Examples shew Lives practick part most rare.

Let Moderation your requests commend;
By thus demanding you command your Friend.

Lines worded well, and season'd well with Sense,
Have, on Ingenious Minds, great Influence.

Leave Youths to their own Conscience, and then
How soon, think you, would they prove Learned Men?

Learning, and the choice Documents of Truth,
Should be infus'd into us in our Youth.

Like Tares with Wheat, most Mens Expressions be,
Complements mixt with small Realitie.

Learning, the Learned, before Gold prefer,
Learning, not Gold, defies the Plunderer.

Long are we gaining of a small Excellence,
Which, in short time, is lost by Negligence.

Let me be just to all, though I sustain
Some Loss thereby, that Loss will turn to Gain.

Looseness to Fastness is an Introduction,
Men Rant and please themselves into Distruction.

Learn now in your Minortie, those things,
That may in Age, lend your Discretion Wings.

Let not the choicest Creature Comfort have,
The Power to denominate thee Slave.

Lament wild Youth, your loss of Blooming Prime;
Lament your Parents pains, their Cost and Care.
Lament the vain mis-spending of your time.
Lament th' unhappy State wherein you are.

Lament, Lament, because your Lamentation,
(Except you timely turn, and that even now)
Can firmly promise you no Restoration,
Of these lost Pearls, whose price you do not know.

F 2

Men

MEn that are gen'rous, humble, just and Wise,
The Pageantry of the vain World despise.

Man's mind, as Master should right reason have,
And evermore hold Passion as a Slave.

Men for this Worlds poor Riches are at strife,
Neglecting those of everlasting Life.

Merchants who plow the Foaming Main, their main
Concerns must mind, nor slight the smallest Gain.

Most, who are Rich, and Great, and can command,
Command Inferiours with Imperious hand.

Men Ignorant, ascribe that Influence
To Fortune which proceeds from Providence.

Mens promises by their performance measure,
Like Gypsies Knots they'r fast or loose at pleasure.

Men oft at Banquets more advantage gain,
Than at those Battails where are thousands Slain.

Misfortunes seldom come alone, but have
Their followers, as Wave rowls after Wave.

Many have vain Loquacitie lamented;
But none their prudent Silence have repented.

Mount, mount brave Soul, ascend above the Spheres
Of common reason, and inferiour Sense:

Court Arts, improve thy parts till there appears
The Quintessence of their prime Excellence.

Many

Many mean Persons might become Brave Gallants,
If prudently they would imploy their Talents.

Men, who in verbal Sounds do least abound,
Are always found to be the most profound.

Millions of Inconveniences Surprize
Us, because we are our own Enemies.

Man's little, little World, transcends the Greater,
'Tis strange, that this Compendium's the Compleater.

Man is a thing of nought, yet from above,
There dart upon him such strong Rays of Love,
Like Sol's refulgent Beams, that they refine
His Rubbish Nature to a Golden Mine.

Much Reading, much the insight does improve,
The Ey-sight, too much Reading does not Love.

My Admonitions to my Loving Friend,
Shall for no End begin, and have no End:

Men fain would be thought Virtuous, though they
Still Steer their Course the quite contrary way.

Men promise fair, perform not; in this Sence,
Exuberance is turn'd to Indigence.

Man's greatest Wealth lyes in contempt of Wealth,
And next to that, his greatest Wealth is Health.

Mars, his bold Son is for the Field or Sea.
 An Academy is the Scholar's share.
 The Tradesman in the City loves to stay.
 The Country hath the Husband-mans chief Care.
 The Marriner is for a Ship, or Port:
 And the gay Gallant glisters in the Court.

Might we assend to Excellence sublime,
 Without a careful management of Time,
 Thousands would then to Excellence attain,
 That are unworthy of one Dram or Grain.
 But Excellence is seated on a Throne,
 Above the reach of every Dunce and Drone.

Meum & Tuum, backt with hopes and Fears
 Have thousands set together by the Ears.
 More confidently none themselves advance,
 Than the unworthy Sons of Ignorance.

Nature
 And next to that, his greatest Wealth is Health.

Nature to Reasons School comes to be taught,
All the most curious works that can be wrought.

Nor Gold, nor Pearls, nor Gems of highest rate,
Can equallize a Self-conceited Pate.

Notional knowledge is of slender use:
That's best which we to Practice can reduce.

Nectar, Ambrosia, and the Thespian Spring,
May all avaint, for Mony is the Thing.

Nor Fume, nor Fret, nor Stamp at things amiss;
That's not the way to mend them; Patience is.

No Rule, no Line found out, since time began,
Could Gauge, or Fathom the vast heart of Man.

Nothing can more to my improvement tend,
Than the reprovment of a loving Friend.

Never do well, that ill may come thereon.
Never do bad, that good may thence accrue.
Never do ill, that ill may thereupon,
A curs'd Effect from a curs'd Cause ensue.
But evermore do Good, that Good from thence
May Spring, and Magnifie Heav'n's influence.

Noblest Examples with good Education,
Of Virtues Fabrick are the firm Foundation.

None others more defame, or more advance
Themselves, than the blind Sons of Ignorance.

Nimble Prevention from a danger flies;
But dull delay proves Slave to the Surprise.

None mourn the loss of transitory things,
But such, as never heard that wealth has Wings.

No wonder if the best Men sometimes fail,
Since all are Mortal, and their Natures frail.

Not many Words; but few, express in season,
Proclaim the Noble strength, and force of Reason.

No kind so unkind to their Kind we find,
As Man-kind unto Man-kind is unkind.

No Crosses can so much our Passions move,
As those that Cross us in the Things we love.

Nor Bears, nor Boars, nor Wolves, nor Tygres can
Be more sharp Foes to Man, than Man to Man.

No Chains so strong hath Fortune, as can bind,
The inclinations of a Noble Mind.

Now Bend your mind fair Writing to attain,
Your present pains will prove your future Gain.

No Charm so powerful was ever known,
As Love, to make anothers heart your own.

Not Rising early, nor our Working late,
Will do't, there is in things a secret Fate.

Not for dull, (gentle Readers) but for those
Who Read, and practice, we these Lines compose.

Others to Virtue Poets do excite,
By intermixing profit with Delight.

Of Mischief he shuns many a Rock and shelf
Who learns becomes to learn to know himself.
One thing there is, for which all men contest
From Age to Age, that is, Self Interest.

On this Worlds Stage a wise man would not stay
Longer than he can Act his part & play.

One moments pleasure brought an Inundation,
On all mankind, of pain and lamentation.

One minutes Show'r of penitential Brine
Transcends the Treasures of a Golden Mine.

Omission of good Works, and the commission
Of bad, involve Men in a sad Commission.

One small Dram of good Life excells a Pound
Of humane Learning, though the most profound.

Our chearin Sun, our Glory and Delight,
Are soon enveloped in shades of Night.
Old Friends to trust, old Gold to keep, old Wine
To drink; are a solacious good old Trine.

Only these two Intelligence move
True Friendships Sphere; Civility and Love.

G On

On the VVorlds Stage, so let me act my part,
That the wise Head of Salomon, and Heart
Of David, may both seem to Crown my Art.

Opinion is an Empress; and Fame says,
At least three quarters of the World she sways.

Our Faults, our Friends, and our Instructions, we
Are strangely subject to forget those Three.

Of bad Examples, Satan's Baits, beware;
And shun them, as a Pestilential Ayre.

Our choicest Flowers we smell to most, and they
Soon breath their last; their Glories first decay.

Of a quick Friend, and a slow Enemy
Beware, and glozing Adulators fly.

Only those Noble Souls are truly free,
That can deny themselves their Libertie.

One great part of our life is swallow'd by Death's brother,
Our Meals and Recreations, do devour another.
That part which we imploy in worthy VVorks is small;
But smaller's that, wherein we serve Him, who gives all.

Opinion guides our Passions, and Affections,
And all our Fancies follow her Directions.

Our Time, our VVit, our Strength, we spend our Coyn to
And spend our Strength, VVit, Time, to spend that Coyn
(gain,
(in vain.

O, that I could invent some powerful Rhime,
To make all Learners learn to prize their Time;

Of all the Birds whose Wings divide the Ayre,
Arabia's Phœnix is the only Rare:
Shee, from the Ashes of her fragrant Urn,
Another Glorious Phœnix does return;
Which shews a supernatural Perfection,
And Typifies Man's happy Resurrection.



Proclaim what you know, you know not; for
 All knowing Men will such a Man abhor.

Proportion is the Golden Rule, whence you
 May learn what's fit to do, and not to do.

Pride and Ambition lend men Spreading wings
 To Act the most ridiculous of Things.

Praise others, but deny your self, and then
 Your Company will please Ingenious Men.

Procrastination dangerous was found,
 Where quick-dispatch might the Event have Crown'd.

Philosophers those thriving Seeds Sow, which
 More than their own, do future Times enrich.

Presume not on Futuritie; Vexation
 Most commonly attends Procrastination.

Pass not thy judgment on anothers end,
 But inward look, and know, the Best may Mend.

Pitty it is so many should enjoy
 Learning, and yet their Talents not Employ.

Parents would have their Children Richly learn,
 But Masters poor Rewards pinch that concern.

Praise some desire, when they dispraise deserve:
 Thus worthless Fools their own vain humours serve.

Presume not on Lifes length, Death, a young Lam
 Bears to his Fold, as soon as an old Ram.

Praise

Praise or applause, which from without we win;
Signifies nothing, if not Crown'd within.

Pride, when her Plumes are spread in Pomp and Glory;
Forgets her Gallantry is transitory.

Prize, beyond western Gold, or Eastern Spice,
The Sole-advancing Treasures of advice.

Practice gives Motion to the Pen-mans hand;
Fair Writings Excellencies to command.

Pelion on Ossa, Sin on Sin we heap,
Yet though we sow so, so we would not Reap.

Philosophy Divine, court and recourt; She can
As man's above a Beast, mount man above a Man.

Prodigious Products from mens Acts we see;
From not fore-thinking what th' Events might be.

Pitty it is, that Heaven-born Charity,
Is grown of late so great a Rarity.

Poor Worms-meat, Soar not to the hight of State:
Humility is honours Palace Gate.

Pure Temperance a pure good Temper breeds;
But Gluttony all noysom Humours feeds.

Perform thy promise; keep within Faiths Bounds,
Who breaks his Word, his Reputation wounds.

Patience Disquiet calmes; charms Discontents;
And arms mens Minds against the worst events.

Prosperity

Prosperity first greets them with her Smiles,
And in the End, her Proselytes beguiles.

Praise, and dispraise, the VVile esteem alike;
One cannot Stroke them, nor the other Strike.

Prudence commands, that Silence we should break,
When we, than that can Something better Speak.

Pitty it is, so many go to learn,
Who not so much as think of that Concern.

Quickly are all those Sublunaries gone
Which we vain Mortals so much doat upon:
Quickly therefore, their tempting Smiles contemn,
Since they must go from us, or we from them.

Questions profound, and dark Enigmas tend,
To exercise mens Brains, but to no end,

Qualms, qualms succeed; like as our Stomacks, so
Our Minds have Crudities that breed our Wo.

Quaint Out-sides win on most Spectators Eyes:
Whilst real worth (ill cloath'd) neglected lyes.

Quarles, quondam Poet, for rare Lines Divine,
Still wares fresh Lawrels, still his Tapers shine.

Quintus Curtius Embalm'd great Alexander's name,
Whose Pen from Age to Age, perpetuates his Fame.

Quintilian's Tongue, as in Fames Rolls appears,
Lead his admiring hearers by the Ears.

Quash Calumnies, defame the Defamations
Darted from Envious Tongues, at your Relations.

Quills into curious Pens are made, from whence
Letters flow, which make words, and words make sence.

Quilt Earth's vast Ball with Numbers, all imply
But Cyphers, to Immence Eternity.

Quatidian Practice may make this I...
Sublunary Thin...



Question not, but wise management of Time
Will make your humble Fortunes more sublime.

Quoth W ill, I am resolv'd reveng'd to be.

Quoth Wit, have patience, and be rul'd by me.

Qualifications Virtuous and Pious,
Should be belov'd, honour'd, and sought for by us.

Quit this Worlds Stage you must, when your part's play'd,
Get Earnest, timely, for a better lay'd.

Quarrells on Natures meet their unkind Kind,
And commonly, what such Men seek, they find.

Quadrates with none whose Acts pronounce them base,
No Goodness springs from an ungodly Race.

Quadrunities high priz'd, I will these mine,
Good parts, good Books, good Friends, good sort of Coin.

Quinsay, Chins, cheif City, even in the East,
An hundred Miles is in Circumference.

Quote, in the Folio, of your best Affections
Hini, that's a faithful Friend without Objections.

Quality oft for Sovereignty contends
Vvish quantity, and here we waste our transcends.

Quietness, and Serene Contentment, are
The best Companions in this Mundane Sphere.

No Golden Fear, no heart-consuming Care,
Dare in their charming presence to appear.

All is sweet, safe, and sound within their bounds,
No noise their Rest, no Vvar their peace confounds.

Range

R Ange the worlds VVildernesses; and you can
Find no such Beast of Prey, as man to man.

Rashness draws crooked, and un-artful Lines:
And is a Remora to brave Designs.

Reason and Learning much concern his pate,
VWho, from his Cradle is Illiterate.

Rouze up my flaming Genius, Heav'n inspire
My Soul, with something of Etherial Fire.
Let all brave English Youths, who read these Lines;
Be ev'n enchanted with my good Designs.
Let these their brave Heroick Spirits raise
To practise Virtue, and give Him the praise:
From th' Influence of whose great Providence,
The Excellent derive their Excellence.

Reports, sometimes, which stand'rous Tongues have spread,
Have caus'd a difference twixt the Eares and Head,

Resolve; Revolve; Involve: Inform; Reform;
But keep God's Foe, your Conscience, from a Storm.

Rather depend upon your Fingers Ends,
Then fix your Expectations on your Friends.

Read Books, Men, Manners, Times, and you'll confess,
That the VWorld's Supreme Virtue is, Success.

Reason, VVir, Knowledge, all your parts present,
To Him, by whom they were but only lent.

R

Rather than be quite broke, wisely submit and Bend:
'Tis mighty folly with the mighty to contend.

Religion is the Soul of Innocence;
Moving in an unspotted Conscience.

Rare ARTS with Care, and Pains, obtain and keep:
Into mens mouths they drop not, as they sleep.

Reason's the Pole-Star, which directs the way,
To Navigate in this Worlds troubled Sea.

Rare Virtues Emanations far transcend the price,
Of the *West-Indies* Gold, or the *East-Indies* Spice.

Rich men are Poor, in covetous Conditions;
Poor men are Rich, in envious Dispositions.

Refuse to Act to Day, what may to morrow,
Procure your Torment, or at least your Sorrow.

Rage breaks down Reasons bounds; keeps no decorum:
Passions and Rage tumble down all before'em.

Remuneration, like soft *April* Showers,
In Virtues *May*, produces Gallant Flowers.

Ransack the treasuring Casket of each Rock,
And keep the Key of that exhaustless Stock.
Let every Sun, still view the more Renown'd,
Till thou the Worlds Grand Emperour art Crown'd:
Then take thy Shadows length; see how much more
Its Mensuration exceeds that before.

Secrets

Secrets of Art by Industry are found,
Industrious Pains with noblest Gains are crown'd.

Such as exalt themselves above the Skies,
In wise mens Thoughts, appear extremely wise.

Soul-saving Knowledge make thy grand Inquest,
What Signifies all Knowledge if not blest?

Stars, Sands, and Sins, vast Numbers are, yet are
But Cyphers when God's Mercies we compare.

Such as delight in others Debts to run,
Have pleas'd themselves, till they have been undone.

Stars govern Men, but God sets Bounds and Bars,
To glorius *Phœbus*, *Luna*, and the Stars.

Some Lines Embroyder'd are, and some more plain:
Which shews that *Mercury* does not always reign.

Soul-plaguing Fears, Jealousie, and suspicion,
Reduce a man into a strange Condition.

Small Commendation serves to crown that Friend
Who is a Friend for Ends unto the end.

Sweeter than Civet smells industrious sweat:
Who takes no pains, he should no *Panis* Eat.

Suffering for Sin should breed no Discontent,
Since many have prov'd chast by Chastisement.

Since every Meeting must a parting have,
Soul, soar to Heaven; sink Body to the Grave.

Since Riches, Honours, Pleasures, All we see,
Are but Injoyments here; *pro Tempore*
Let my poor Soul fix nobler hopes Above;
Where streams of Glory mix with Light and Love.

Soar not too high in Sublunary things,
For fear, lest yours should prove *Teinian* Wings.

Satan Imploys all Instruments he can,
To bring to ruin that poor Thing call'd Man.

Skie-scaling Groans from Contrite hearts ascend,
In-favour to their never-ending End.

Sloth, without armed Armies, can Surprise,
All the Souls powers, and noble Faculties.

Sleep is Death's Picture, to the Life drawn forth,
Who sleeps too much, loses both wit and worth.

Small Friendship; less Reality is found,
Where fawning, feigning Complements abound.

Some, by the constant hands of Industry,
Out-strip the Wings of Ingenuity.

Sin's pleasure, like a flash, is quickly past,
But who can tell how long the Pain may last?

Sleep renders Nature brisk and brave, and tends
To the refreshing of Man's five best Friends.

Shew me the man that has no Faults, and I
Will teach him, in the Ayre soon how to fly.

Some,

Some, by their Tongues accumulate such wrongs;
That they could, after with they'd had no Tongues.

Sound sence in a short sentence, oft we find,
More than high Raptures, to inform the Mind.

So live in every Station and Relation,
As that Salvation is your expectation.

Silver and Gold, though best Times scorn'd to own 'em,
Are of this last, worst Age, the *Summum Bonum*.

Still acquiesce in Providence Divine:
What's not to day, to Morrow may be thine.

Sins Sinners minds enslave,; blind the Souls Eyes:
But in God's Service perfect Freedom lies.

Sleep, though a kind of Death, Lifes Life appears:
Revivifies the Brain, the Spirits cheers.

Since a close Mouth makes a wise Head, do you,
Hear others talk, while you think what to do.

Some dare not live for fear of Death, and some
Dye to prevent the Evils that may come.

Such as their Minds to Curious Arts address,
Lay Earnest for the Worlds Chief happiness.

Strive to raise Monuments of lasting Fame:
And scorn that worthless Works should soyl your name.

Saying, with those but little can perswade,
Wyho to believe by seeing, can't be made.

Some

Some think, and think so long what they would do,
That they lose both their thoughts and Actions too.

Small Pain constrains us to complain, but while
Contentment Smiles upon us, we can Smile,

- So many men, so many Minds we find;
And every mind as fixed as the Wind.

Since Words the Minds most noble Cloathing are;
And Words are best Embroydered with sense.
And Sense is best that shines with Eloquence;
And Eloquence is then most Rich and Rare,
When Tropes and Figures shew its excellence.
With glitt'ring Metaphors which beam from thence.
These properties, let my Minds Vesture share.

Truth's

TRuth's lucid Paths the sacred Scriptures shew:
Who tread not them, trace Labyrinths of wo.

Time's but the short duration of a VVink,
VVhen on Immense Eternity we think.

The want of sleep, which wildest Creatures tames,
Men to the height of Madness oft inflames.

The noblest of examples imitate;
And let contentment crown thy blest Estate.

To day we laugh and frolick, and to morrow,
VVe Grunt and Groan upon the Bed of sorrow.

'Tis dangerous to be Great: proud Cedars bow,
VVith Storms which move not humble Shrubs below.

o T'insult, or exult over Misery,
Shews baseness mixt with inhumanity.

Those Lines which some may think impertinent,
By others will be thought most Excellent.

Time, Tide, and Carriers, with the flying Sun,
Will stay for no man, till their Race is run.

Think humbly of your self; no Commendation
Can mount you then, above your proper Station.

Time past who hath forgot; neglects the present,
And fears the future, hath lost all things pleasant.

The Serpents wiles to save your self, embrace;
And others not to harm give the Dove place.

The

The sacred Rules of Virtue bear small price,
With the unbounded, sordid Sons of Vice.

This is an observation true, though plain;
Those who most feast the Belly, starve the Brain.

The Soul's the Salt, which doth the Body season,
And keep alive; and the Soul's Salt is Reason.

Though God be Omnipresent, men dare swear:
Were the King near them, they would then forbear.

The Life of Nature's given, that we might trace,
The happy foot-steps to the Life of Grace:
Which Life of Grace, will crown those who persevere,
Faithful till Death, with Glories Life, for ever.

Then your desires have reason to be crown'd
With what you ask, when Reason is their Ground.
'Tis not how many Arts, or curious Parts we have,
But how well we improve the Talent that God gave.

To none the secret Counsels of your mind
Communicate, for can you hope to find
One that has Will, and Power to do for you
What for your self, you your self could not do.
Th' Immaculate Fountain of all holyness,
Those most, who most resemble Him, will bless.

- The Pen all curious Instruments transcends ;
 And, in its usefulness, it self commends.
 No need of swelling, high Encomiums, then
 To Trumpet forth the praises of the Pen :
 This does, like Virtue, its own Trophies raise,
 Sublimely high, beyond the reach of praise.

Times change, and we in them : both Men and Nations,
 Their Zeniths have, before their Declinations.

The Youth's Letter from the Writing School, &c.

- These, honour'd Parents, are but small Effects,
 Of your great Love, and manifold Respects.
 These few unpolish'd Lines cannot express,
 The thousand part of my due thankfulness
 For your least favours ; yet if these you grace,
 With acceptation ; I, in Writings Race
 Shall run more swift, by that encouragement,
 And, in short time, some nobler Piece present.

There is no virtue in the rarest Pen,
 Which Writing to Perfection can Produce :
 Nor in the hand ; that member, which to men,
 Is in all works, of admirable use.
 Though each of these in Writing, bears his Part,
 Yet the grand Fountain whence it flows, is Art.

Virtues Celestial, Soul-refreshing Light,
Vice may Ecclips, but not extinguish quite.

Valour, for Honour; Grace, for Glory calls;
Brave Heroes Fames survive their Funeralls.

Vain Mortals, it becomes you not to move,
Your Tongues, concerning what's decree'd above.

Violence, when full Growth she does acquire,
Leaps forth, like Thunder, wrapt in Balls of fire?

Virtue, though clad in Raggs, may challenge more,
Than Vice adorn'd with Silks, in mid'st of store.

Unto your Sence this Sentence still apply,
That there's no Poyson like bad company.

Use Prudence, Temperance, and Moderation;
Shun Commendation, and hate Ostentation.

Virtues heroick Sons will act their Parts;
Not fearing thousands of curst Envies Darts.

Vices, which with their tempting Smiles invite,
Conceal their Teeth, wherewith they after bite.

Virtues Tryumphant Chariot (which now groans
Under Oppressures) shall break Envies Bones.

Vainly we Dream, as vainly Act our Dreams;
And vainly think we parallel Supreams.

Voluptuous, course, Sensual Delights,
Obstruct the winged Souls Celestial Flights.

Vane in our heads, and in our hearts too, vain;
We like not Things, however good, if Plain.

Virtue and Truth are amicitial Mates;
Virtue all postures of Impostors hates.

Valiant he does approve himself, and wise,
Who with a brave disdain, flights Injuries.

Virtue hates Fucos, Patches and perfumes,
Dust, mixt with Sweat; that painting she assumes.

Vain Glories Emblem is a blazing Taper;
Whose short-liv'd Snuff ends in a noysom vapour.

Virtue that's her own Noble Satisfaction,
Is allways busied in the Shop of Action.

Vices, which seem to lie within conceal'd,
Are, by our words and Actions, soon reveal'd.

Virtues vast worth transcends all Earths best Treasures,
She's Honours honour, and the Soul of pleasures.

Vanish beneath my thoughts; vain worldly Toys:
Mount, mount my Soul, to Heavens Eternal joys.

Vexation makes a Man by transformation,
The strangest Creature in the whole creation.

Untamed youths, for want of good Tuition,
Plunge into Shoreless, Soundless, Seas of Vice,
But to Ingenious Lads, Learnings Fruition,
Is a Soul-cheering fruitful Paradise.

The one produces nought but weeds and Tares;
All delectable Fruits, the other bears.

Wisdom descends from the bright Orbs above;
To Teach her Children how to live in Love.

Whose, where, and what thou art, consider well:
And think on Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

When Pleasing *Zephyrus* salutes us, we
For Blustering *Boreas* should preparing be.

Who Writes, or Paints, or Carves; or, *& quid non;*
Where is the Man that thinks himself out-gon?

Who Idolize themselves, themselves deſame;
And when they gape for Honour, meet with Shame.

What signifie vast piles of well-wrote Books,
To him that on them, but not in them looks.

Why vainly Learn we what we muſt unlearn,
And mind Concerns, which do not us concern.

Who waits for others Shoës (it is well known)
Had need to keep a Coblar for his own.

Who mind their Buſineſs well, may ſpare with eaſe,
Some hours for Recreation, when they pleaſe.

Who gives thee Learning, aſts a Nobler Deed,
Than he that doth thy Body Cloath and feed.

Who in their Youth reſuſed to be taught,
To numerous Endammagements are brought.

Who's, *ab origine*, a faithful Friend,
Honour commands to hold out to the End.

What

VVhat we can suffer for that Friend is small,
VVho once was pleas'd to suffer for us all.

VVell to consider how ill Husbands fare;
Would make a man bad husbandry forswear.

When Friends we need not, than our Friends abound;
But when we want Friends, then few Friends are found.

While here Mortality doth us invest,
The best of Men will prove but men at best.

Why should the Drunkard strive his Acts to smoothen;
Drink runs but from one Hoghead to another.

VVine, VVomen, Cards & Dice, with Hawks & Hounds;
Reduce mens vast Estates to Lesser bounds.

VVhen Men make Presents to the best of Kings,
They wisely should present the best of Things.

VVealth pampers Pride and Luxury, till they
Their liberal Master to the Grave betray.

VVhen to the VVorld you others faults make known,
Ingenuously reflect upon your own.

VVhat would Poor man without Gods mercies be?
Alas! but a sad Map of Miserie.

VVhen I a Servant had, I had one then:

VVhen two, I had but half a one; and when
I had three Servants, I had none at all.

Thus was I serv'd, by one, two, three, and all!

Why hope you for your Friend's large Legacy,
He makes his VVill; but not his will to dye:

What Difficulty can we undertake,
Where true Affection will not conquest make?

What signifie the VVarrier's daring Pains,
If prudence keeps not what his Valour gains.

Who makes his Mark the Moon, much further he
May Shoot, than he that levels at a Tree.

Who knows how soon an interposing Cloud,
May from our view, our smiling Sun-beams shroud.

What Things by studious care a man does find,
In curious Arts, lodge longest in the mind.

VVhen Lands & Friends are gone, & wealth takes wing,
Then Learning's priz'd, then Learning's a brave thing.

Where Beauty, Virtue, and true grace do meet,
The harmony is admirably Sweet.

Worth, too base minds is Envies propagation:
But in Heroick Souls, gains Emulation.

Who would build honours Temple, large and high,
Must, for foundation, take Humility.

Wealth, Pleasure, Life it Self, all move beneath,
The Sphear, where Fames perfumes their Glories breath.

Where Reason, VVill, and Power, all comply
With heavenly wisdom, there's rare Harmony.

Where

Where Education doth adorn
The Minds of Children Nobly Born,
They seem of an Angellick Race,
But where good Education wants,
To be Engrafted in young Plants,
It renders them extreemly base.

Who of his Business makes a Recreation,
Is in the way to VVealth and Reputation.
But who a Business makes of Recreation,
May bid a dew to VVealth and Reputation.

What without Care and Pains can we effect,
VVhose Excellency may deserve respect.

Xenophon

X Enophon writes, that even the Gods above,
Delight with men, in Friendships Orb to move.

Xerxes, from a steep Mountains lofty Brow,
Survey'd his hundred thousand Men below;
And wept, to think that in an Age they All
By the impartial hand of Death must fall.
But, after this vast Army did Engage,
Few dayes dispatch'd the Business of an Age.

Xenocrates did prudently divide,
Into proportionable parts, each day;
VVhich parts particularly, he apply'd;
And One, wherein to study what to say
He did assign; which gives us information,
VVisely to use mature Premeditation.

You

Enophon

You Parents, who your hopes on Children place,
Teach them betimes to run in Virtues Race.

Your pretious Time wisely to day imploy,
Who knows what he to morrow may enjoy?

You want what you desire, but let this serve,
That you enjoy far more than you deserve.

Your Tallent came from a Celestial Donor:
Endeavour to improve it to his Honour.

Your want of high-flown Ingenuity,
By constant Care, and Industry supply.

You'll find, when you their Vizor-Masks remove,
Such as are shameless, seldom blameless prove.

Yield not to sleeps intoxicating Charms;
Rowze up, and vanquish him by force of arms.

Your Conscience keep serene, and fear not then,
The most Calumnious, Envious Tongues of men.

Your Tongue command, to the command of Reason:
Know when to speak, and when to spare, in Season.

Your Memory store with Philology,
And all the various sorts of History.

You Mammonists, in what plight shall we find you,
When Death says, Come, & leave your Bags behind you,

You Parents, who a happy Crop would Mow;
Betimes, in Children, Virtues Seeds must Sow.

Your Friend, at first to Council deaf; do you
That worthy Office, to perswade, renew.

Yet Providence presents fair Opportunities,
Which you may take & Live, & Thrive, if you be wise.

Your Memory with choicest Treasures Store;
Thieves cannot make the Rich in knowledge, poor.

You that lye wind-bound in the port of Sorrow,
May be set free, by a fresh Gale, to morrow,

Young Impudence, suffer'd to run to Seed,
Will spoyle the Stock, and poyson all the Breed.

You must accompt for't, 'tis to be presum'd,
VWho have in pass-time you time past consum'd.

Your Arts, your Parts, your VVifdom and your worth,
Are out of Fashion; Coyne's the God o'th' Earth.

Your Body, Feed, Cloath, Comfort, and supply;
Yet let your Soul maintain the Sovereignty.

Youthful Discretion is a true presage,
In most, of Learned, honourable Age.

Young men, have ever more a special Care,
That Feminine Inchantments prove no Snare.

You here, our choicest Monograms may scan,
VWhere man is fairly pictur'd forth to Man.

Yesterday's Loss, strive to repair to day;
Let your swift VVill run equal to your power:

A Traveller that rides out of his way,
Loses two hours, in riding but one hour.

And if he turns not, by Directions force,
He may lose more, and tyre himself and Horse.

Your prudent providence let Ants engage;
In Summer, mind the VVinter of your Age.

Z *Eno*, by Silence, made the Follies known
Of others, and thereby conceal'd his own.

Zeal without Knowledge doth the Judgment taint;
Although the Zelot thinks himself a Saint.

Zenobia reigns as Empress o're choice *VVits*,
On *Aits* resplendant Throne *Eugenia* Sits.

Zealously run for Virtues Crown of Bays:
VVhich having gain'd, present to Heaven the praise.

Zant, an *Ionian* Isle, us Currans sends,
VVith which we please our Palats and our Friends.

Zores, Lines and Tropicks the great VVorld can bound;
But for the less no Limits can be found.

Zeuxes, was rare at Colours, and at Shapes;
So rare, that Birds peckt at his painted Grapes.

Zephyrus, now our *Roses* hath full blown,
And now their fragrant Glories forth are flown;
And now to the wide world they shall be known.

Zeal mounts the Soul above the rapid Sphears;
And, even th' Invisible, to Faith, appears.

Zenith's the highest point of Fortunes wheele;
From whence her Favorites must fall that reele.

Zealously prove true honesty's true Friend,
For that will prove best Policy i'th' End.

Zeal

Zeal for the Publick Good made me Engage;
Thus to new fix this rusty Iron Age;

Zoylus, and Momus, with their numerous Train,
VWill view these Operations, and complain,
That Ink, which might have drawn forth Nobler Lines,
Should be employ'd in these, so mean Designs.
Let Zoylus carp; let Momus bark; let all
Their vast Retinue spit their Spleen and Gall:
VWhile Sun, and Moon, the day and Night command,
These Lines their Authors Monuments shall stand.

THESE Say,

What do they say?

Says the Lord

Let them say

And now to the wide world they shall be known.
And now their fragrant Clories forth are flown.
And now our Hopes shall find their Down.

FINIS

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From whence her Favours must fall this Verse;
Toward's the highest point of Fortunes wheele;
And, even by Invisible, she appears.

For that will prove best Policy in End,
Zealously prove true honesty's true Friend.

